

Continuing our series of Unsolved Crimes

Stuart Martin now tells of—

A DOUBLE MURDER

—ONE BY AN ADDER'S TONGUE

THIS is a story of a crime within a crime, a murder enveloped in a murder, a brutality of the mental sphere superimposed on a brutality of the physical.

Major-General Luard's wife was killed by some blackguards who stole her rings in Casa Wood, near Sevenoaks.

Major-General Luard was killed by blackguards who stole, or tried to steal, his good name.

The double murder happened in 1908. On August of that year Major-General Charles Edward Luard and his wife received word that their son, Captain

Luard, was coming home on leave from India.

The General had also spent some time in India, but was at that time working in the War

Office in Whitehall. He and his wife Margaret lived in a house called Ightham Knoll, in the heart of beautiful Kent scenery.

A HAPPY HOME.

Their friends, knowing them intimately, were well aware there was no flaw in their domestic life; they were as much in love with each other as on the day they were married. The General was aged sixty-nine. His wife was eleven years younger; but she looked and carried herself as if she were less than forty.

When word came to Ightham Knoll that the son was coming home, preparations were started to welcome him. The servants knew of the harmony that existed in that home; they knew that the General seldom went out without his wife and the Irish terrier, Scamp. I mention this because it is necessary to get a proper and truthful background for the double crime.

The duties of the General did not take him to the War Office every day, and on August 24th, 1908, he was at home. He and his wife had breakfast together and spent the morning talking over the arrangements for the homecoming of their son.

After lunch the General remarked that he must go over to Godden Green golf-house to get his clubs. He and his wife were going away for the weekend and he wanted to have the clubs with him.

A COUNTRY WALK.

"It is a good three miles to Godden Green," said his wife, "and I shall not be able to go all the way with you. I have a friend, Mrs. Stewart, coming to tea. But if you take the road

through the wood I'll walk as far as Casa with you."

As they left the house with Scamp she gave directions to the parlourmaid that if Mrs. Stewart should call in her absence she was to be asked to wait, as it would not be for long.

The two set out, taking a path through Fishpond Wood, and so to a bridge-path that ends near a school. Here it was decided that the General should go straight on while she returned via Casa Wood.

This wood, although close to their home, was not in the property of Ightham Knoll, but was in the grounds of a neighbour, Mr. Wilkinson. Some Nature enthusiast had built a small bungalow in the heart of the wood and called it The Casa. The Luards had full permission to walk through the wood when they desired.

Towards Casa Mrs. Luard turned. Her husband went on to the golf-house.

On the way he was met by Mr. Durrant, manager of a brewery at Sevenoaks. They exchanged greetings, and Mr. Durrant, fortunately, noted that the time of meeting was exactly 3.20 p.m.

Farther on, a labourer, Ernest King, passed the General as the church clock chimed 3.30 p.m.

The steward at the club also noted the time the General came for his clubs. It was just after the clock chimed.

With his clubs, General Luard set out on his return journey. He was overtaken by a clergyman friend, the Rev. R. B. Cotton, who offered him a lift in his motor-car. But the General preferred to walk, since he had his dog with him, but he gave his clubs to the clergyman to leave at a spot for him where he could pick them up.

Bert Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and Howard Freeman have important supporting roles.

Miss O'Brien, incidentally, signed a new term contract with M.-G.-M.

NOW SHOWING.

LATEST Fox film in London is "Clive of India."

Robert Clive, a £5-a-year clerk of the East India Company, believes himself a man of destiny, and his defiance makes him unpopular with his superiors.

Nevertheless he seizes the

It was a hot day. The clergyman remarked that it might be courting loss to leave the clubs in the open, as there were many hop-pickers in the district and some were reputed to be rough characters. He mentioned one—a man with sandy hair and a cast in both eyes, "the worst type of East End loafer."

"My wife," replied the General, "has helped many of these people. The hoppers are generally all right, even if some are bad."

The clergyman drove on with the clubs.

The General found them where they had been stacked, and continued his walk to the house. When he got there Mrs. Luard had not returned.

Mrs. Stewart was there. The General spoke to her, making his apologies, and it was agreed that she should come another day and the General should start out to find his wife.

He found her; or rather it was the dog Scamp who found her—lying dead on the cement floor of the verandah of the bungalow Casa.

She had been shot twice. Her four rings had been pulled off her fingers, all very handsome rings.

The police took charge. Several people had heard three shots at 3.15 p.m. Evidently one had missed.

Well, that is the story of the first murder.

AND MYSTERY.

At first the hoppers were suspected. Doctors who examined the body agreed that the hand wearing the rings had been injured by tearing off the rings, but the injury must have been inflicted some time after death. Mrs. Luard's purse was also missing.

No, they never found the murderer of Mrs. Luard. But there are people who would find clues in a cloudless sky.

command of the British Army in a great crisis, and bluffs the natives into surrendering.

Now a hero, he marries lovely Margaret Maskelyne, and they return to England. But Clive is recalled to India to quell a second uprising.

In "Clive of India," starring Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, with C. Aubrey Smith, Colin Clive, and Cesar Romero. Clive's struggle between two great passions—one for his wife and the other for India—is told in such a way that it cannot fail to move even the most hardened sceptic.

The police were almost overwhelmed by "clues" provided by the public. Hoppers, gipsies, tramps, male and female, poachers, gamekeepers and others were "suspected" by gossip-mongers and clue-finders. The district ran riot with suspicions and ominous whispers.

I do not pretend to have any theory of who killed Mrs. Luard. The inquest brought no light; but I listened to the wildest and most romantic theories in Sevenoaks that ever human distortion invented. Yet I know who killed General Luard.

Gradually the gossips concentrated on the Luard home. One story was that General Luard had had an affair with an Indian or Eurasian woman when he was in India; and the result was that he had killed his own wife because of the "scandal."

The police made inquiries both here and in India. There was nothing in the General's life that could possibly be regarded as "shady." Yet the rumours persisted.

Another story had a vague hint of an Indian jewel as a background. It was like the rest—a baseless fabrication.

In the midst of all this wicked orgy of rumour and lying the General's friends were loyal.

Colonel Ward, M.P., who lived in the neighbourhood, was one of those who pitied the broken man and asked him to stay at his house. To escape the persecution of the anonymous letters, the poison-pen avalanche that was descending on him, the General accepted.

THE FINAL TRAGEDY.

On the way, as he walked down Sevenoaks High Street, a woman—described as "a well-dressed lady"—a perfect stranger, stood in his path, shook her fist in his face, and shouted that he "was a wife-murderer and ought to be hanged."

Major-General Luard walked on as if he had not heard.

But he had heard. It was the culmination of the disgraceful insults to which he had been subjected. Think of what that man had endured, apart from the loss of his wife, whom he adored. As if that loss was not enough for any man to bear!

He spent the evening with his friends; and at eight o'clock next morning he left the house, walked slowly to the railway at West Farleigh... flung himself in front of a train.

Death was instantaneous.

He left a letter saying he could no longer stand the awful accusations. "I have gone," he wrote pathetically, "to her I loved. Something has snapped in my brain."

That was the result of the scandalous gossiping, whispering, anonymous, pen-poisoned letter-writing of people who drove him to it.

I leave it to you. Did not these people murder Major-General Luard?

The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826).



NEWS FROM THE STUDIOS

Telling you what's on its way from the Film producers to you on your next leave

PRODUCTION has just been completed on the comedy based on the famous Arnold Bennett novel, "Holy Matrimony," in which Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley are co-starred. Other important players in this 20th Century-Fox film are Laird Cregar, Melville Cooper, Eric Blore and Una O'Connor.

Maureen O'Hara has been announced for a co-starring role in the Technicolor production of "Buffalo Bill," which Harry Sherman is producing for Fox. Other star names in the cast are Joel McCrea, who will play the title role, and Linda Darnell.

"JANE EYRE," based on the famous novel by Charlotte Bronte, with screen-play by Aldous Huxley and Ketti Frings, is the biggest 1933 production on schedule for 20th Century-Fox. Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles head an important cast, which includes John Sutton, Sara Allgood, Peggy Ann Gardner, Aubrey Mathers, Barbara Everest, Margaret O'Brien, and Edith Barrett.

Sophie Huxley, niece and adopted daughter of Aldous Huxley, has been signed by Warner Bros. for an important role in their forthcoming production of "Saratoga Trunk," in which Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are starred. Miss Huxley will play the part of Charlotte Dulaine, half-sister to Miss Bergman; it will be her first screen role.

Another picture along the lines of the successful "Casa Blanca," with as many of the production executives and players as are available, is planned by Jack L. Warner, executive producer of Warner Bros., under the title "Passage to Marseilles."

"Girls' Town" will be produced by Paramount as an elaborate musical, announces Executive Producer B. G. De Sylva, who has assigned Harry Tugend, writer of "Star Spangled Rhythm," and Joseph Sistrom, associate producer, to the picture.

"Only the Stars are Neutral," Quentin Reynolds' best-selling non-fiction book, is being filmed by 20th Century-Fox. The picture will have a foreword by the famous

war correspondent, who is working with Lamar Trotti on the script.

Charles Boyer, outstanding film star, returns to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for the first time in six years for the starring role opposite Ingrid Bergman in "Gaslight."

Boyer's last role at M.-G.-M. was opposite Greta Garbo in "Marie Walewska" in 1937.

"Gaslight," adapted from the stage play, will be produced by Arthur Hornblow, jun.

It is to be one of the big pictures on the summer production programme at the studio, and will have a cast of important players in support of the two stars.

Miss Bergman was borrowed by M.-G.-M. from David O. Selznick, who has her under contract, for the feminine starring role in "Gaslight." She will report to the studio after finishing "Saratoga Trunk" at Warner Bros.

"Rags" Ragland has been added to the cast of "Meet the People," co-starring Lucille Ball and Dick Powell. The new M.-G.-M. picture is a comedy-drama about the family of a woman welder in a shipyard.



Ronald Colman, as "Clive of India," has an interview with Cesar Romero by candlelight.

The Buried Terror

AT the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest.

The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light, lying at great depth immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment.

It had been used apparently in remote feudal times for the worst purposes, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper.

The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp, grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin and looked upon the face of the tenant.

A striking similitude between the brother and sister first arrested my attention, and Usher, divining perhaps my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed.

The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death.

We replaced and screwed down the lid, and having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten.

He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

By Edgar Allen Poe

was heard no more, and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterised his utterance.

There were times indeed when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was labouring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage.

At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound.

It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the vault that I experienced the full power of such feelings.

Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled

to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me.

I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless.

An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame, and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm.

Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence.

Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with

haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavoured to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but a few turns in this manner when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp.

His countenance was as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanour. His air appalled me—but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—"you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was indeed a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty.

A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind, and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other without passing away into the distance.

I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this—yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars—nor was there any flashing forth

But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapour, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon, or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favourite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning, but I had called it a favourite of Usher's more in

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Almost looks like thick smoke-clouds, doesn't it? Fact is, it is one of the following: Dense Smoke, Skein of Wool, Hawser, Sponges Drying, or Strands of Seaweed. Can you make up your mind which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 147: Housefly.

QUIZ for today

1. A scaup is a garden tool, a kind of duck, a tureen, a truant?
2. Who wrote (a) Twenty Years After, (b) Two Years Before the Mast?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Tooth-brush, Soap, Sponge, Pumice-stone, Tooth-paste.
4. What is a tailor's iron called?
5. Who said, "We are not amused?"
6. What is the difference between (a) capon, (b) capot?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Concomitant, Concretion, Conferrable, Condolant, Conflagrant.
8. Who invented the gas balloon, and when?

Answers to Quiz in No. 147

1. Animalcule.
2. (a) A. S. M. Hutchinson, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Cami-knicks are never worn by men; the others are.
4. Sir Ambrose Flemming.
5. Alexander Pope.
6. Sotonian.
7. Handicap, Handicraft, Handiness.
8. Lyonesse.
9. The plague nurse in Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's."
10. "Britannia, rule the waves."
11. 1710.
12. The Cock was originally a hay-cock, and the Bottle a bundle (or "bottle") of straw, indicating that the inn had good accommodation for horses.

ODD CORNER

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE is one of those scientists who do not hesitate to experiment with themselves in the search for truth. In order to find a cure for tetany (not tetanus) he made himself acid by drinking a pint of spirits of salts. It was extremely painful, and calculations showed that he would need a gallon and a half to get the desired results.

He changed his tactics, and dosed himself with sal-ammoniac till the gas carbon-dioxide bubbled up in his blood at the rate of six quarts an hour. His breathing almost ceased, and his weight dropped seven pounds in three days. The reward was forthcoming, for he not

only found a certain cure for tetany, but incidentally threw considerable new light on diabetes.

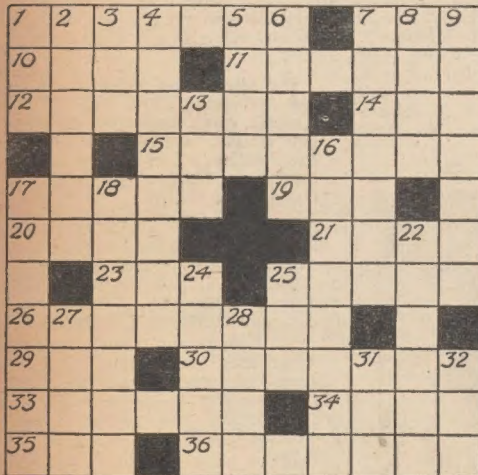
The late Professor John Scott Haldane sat in an airtight chamber while the air was pumped out, to see how his body would behave in a vacuum. He was so busy taking notes that he forgot to give the danger signal when he turned blue, and fell unconscious. His assistant disobeyed orders, and just saved his life.

Professor Sir Joseph Barcroft, of Cambridge, went into a special refrigerator to freeze himself to death—almost. He reached the stage when the sensation of cold gives way to one of delightful warmth, and the sufferer goes to sleep for the last time. On another occasion he rode a test cycle in an atmosphere of nitrogen till his brain refused to function, and during the last war he walked voluntarily into a chamber charged with cyanogen, one of the most deadly poison gases known. The dog he took in with him died in one and a half minutes, but Professor Barcroft survived to contribute valuable knowledge to the medical world.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

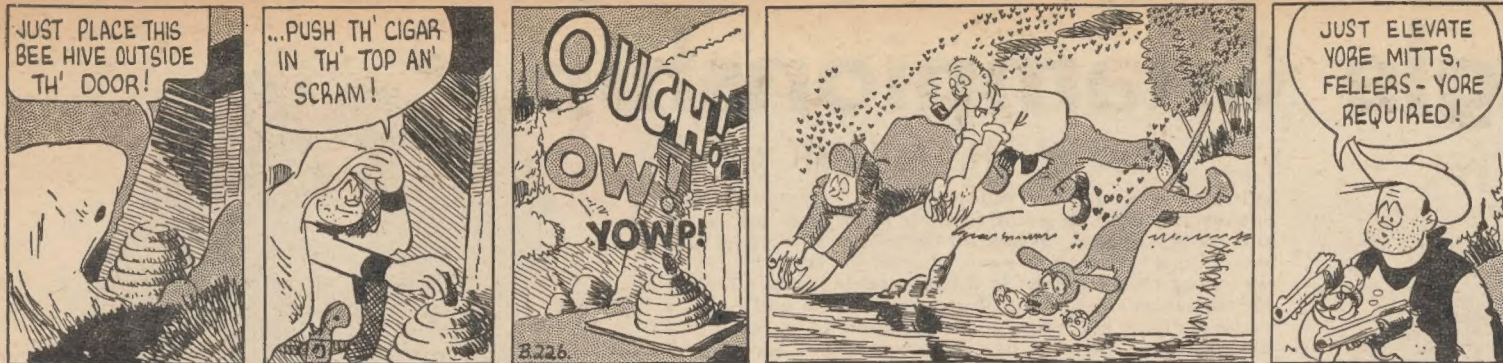


- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Body armour.
 - 7 Cry of disgust.
 - 10 Formerly.
 - 11 Loose robe.
 - 12 Engaged to meet.
 - 14 Lump of wood.
 - 15 Lofty.
 - 17 Reception room.
 - 19 Collection.
 - 20 Winged.
 - 21 Water vapour.
 - 23 Nevertheless.
 - 25 Concentrate.
 - 26 Took for granted.
 - 28 Considerable amount.
 - 30 Avail.
 - 33 Regard.
 - 34 Floor covering.
 - 35 Sussex town.
 - 36 Domestic bird.

CLUES D'OWN.

5 Oblique. 6 Teams. 7 Judicious. 8 Presently. 1 Sleeping place. 2 Elusive. 3 Cold. 4 Puts back. 9 Yearling sheep. 13 Weight. 16 Fashions anew. 17 Girl's embroidery. 18 Baby's clothes. 22 Quiescent. 24 Potato. 25 Marshy land. 27 Optimistic. 28 Short note. 31 Adapt. 32 Rocky hill-top.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



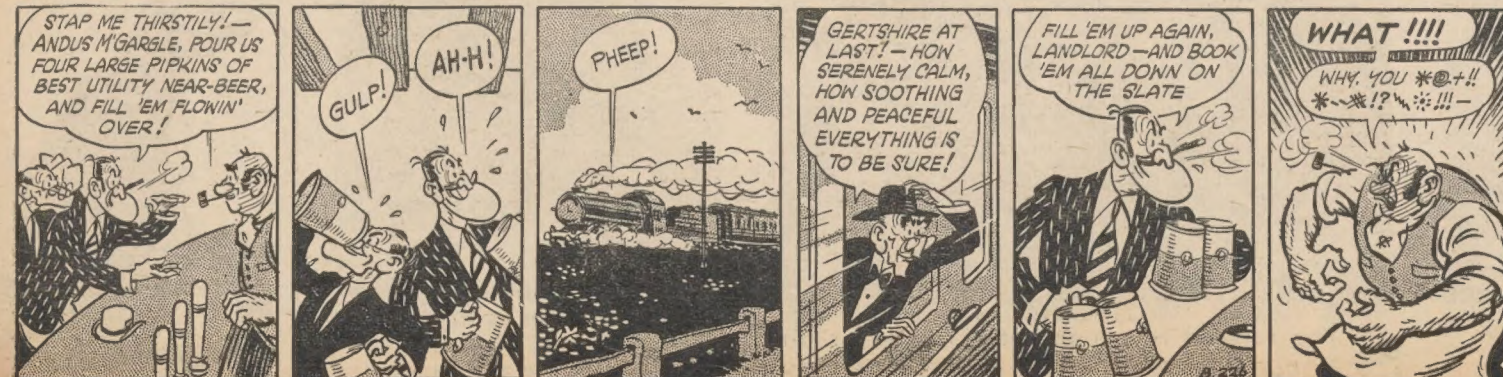
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



John Nelson looks back

SAILORS will appreciate this yarn far more than the party who took part in it relished the experience.

Rather more than ten years ago—to be precise, on the last Thursday of February, 1933—a very happy party of Rugby football enthusiasts set out from Glasgow for Ireland. The travellers included several members of the Scottish team, the Scottish R.F.U. and officials, and a number of Pressmen.

The crossing was, from the beginning, anything but good. The less robust passed early through the customary tortures of the damned, and rendered their votive offerings to old Neptune.

Those who, with less squeamish "innards," had smiled in their superiority, were destined to alter their attitude before long.

When the ship was only twenty or twenty-five miles from its destination she had to be hove-to. A violent snowstorm completely blotted everything out. Visibility was exactly nil.

Then a howling gale came on, and it was not reassuring to be told it was the worst gale in the Irish Channel that the oldest seaman on board could remember.

For ten hours all the crew could do was to keep the ship's head to the wind. Did she roll? Well, it was certainly alarming to us land-lubbers, and the frequent crash of crockery and glass sent shivers down the spine.

I have never looked right inside Davy Jones's Locker, but if that forbidding place is any more uncanny than things were on that ship that day I should be surprised.

Long before the approach of evening every man of us was more or less out. In the lounge where the braver souls had gathered, nearly as much courage was needed as in the cabin.

A "fixed" table was torn from its position. A big gramophone was wrenched from its fastenings and sent sprawling, hitting as it did so one of the Scottish team a tidy tap on the ankle.

Very late that afternoon the snow suddenly eased up, and although a very heavy sea was running, the ship was got on her course again. Somewhere about thirteen hours late, we heard the welcome sounds that told of docking.

Cheerily enough we had set out, but it was a limp and weary party that stepped ashore late that night, but at least glad to feel that we were on something solid at last.

Was our journey really necessary? No, because the morning of the match saw the Lansdowne Road ground under several inches of snow.

Just one other question: Was it really unconscious humour or was there a touch of malice in the decision that the match should be postponed—until All Fools' Day that year? I have often wondered.

Argue this out for yourselves

SHY YOUTH.

FOR all their saucy airs and loud, intolerant judgments, the young are really shy and not very articulate; they have not yet arrived at the easy—and perhaps dishonest—tricks of expression of middle-age or elderly public men. The young still wrestle with angels in the darkness.

J. B. Priestley.

THE NEW U.S.A.

THE American nation is now more than a hundred and thirty millions; a hundred and fifty years ago it was barely four millions. In all the long history of mankind there is nothing to set beside this amazing growth of a new people. . . . The U.S.A., needing workers and settlers, opened wide its doors to Europe, and the immigrants poured in as a flood. . . . The marvel is, not the variety of public feeling in America, but the truth that in the end, under great leadership, unity is attained and the national purpose forged.

S. K. Ratcliffe (journalist and lecturer).

ARTIST-WORKER.

WE have grown into the habit of distinguishing between two kinds of artists—or rather, to separate two kinds of workmen, a superior kind of workman who is called an "artist," and an inferior kind of workman who is called simply a "worker." . . . The purpose of art is to communicate—the art is in the power to communicate—and this power depends without any doubt on the vitality of the senses which are used by the artist in the process of giving form to anything—be it a religious symbol or a chair to sit on, a poem or an aeroplane.

Herbert Read.

Grand All-in Match for the Jungle Championship

By W. H. MILLIER

What is the world's oldest sport? Graeco-Roman enthusiasts used to point to their form of wrestling as the most ancient. When Americans a few years ago introduced what they were pleased to style "all-in" wrestling they thought it was something new. Before Homo sapiens evolved in his present form and rose to walk upright, his hairy ancestors used to practise the all-in game. Thus to our ancestors Frank Gotch and Strangler Lewis are mere saps. Here we present the champs, Nutty the Throttler and Rupert the Rib-cracker, in their hair-raising tussle for the Jungle Championship.



1 Note how intently they are listening to the referee's instructions. "It ain't no frame-up, guv'nor," says Nutty. "We're both on the level," added Rupert.



2 See the wary walk-round. Just a little stalling to get the other fellow off his guard, then, quicker than the flash of a serpent's tongue, they come to grips.



3 Rupert tried his renowned head-lock (the famous hold which Strangler Lewis thought he had invented), but Nutty slid out of it, and left only the scruff of his neck in Rupert's grip.



4 The referee went to see what was happening, and became involved in the mix-up. He retired hurt.

5 Nutty did a catherina wheel spin to get clear, and came down wallop on Rupert, who is underneath right enough. "Hi, Ref. ! How's that ?" shouts Nutty.



6 Of course, Nutty should have kept his attention on his opponent. Whilst Nutty was shouting for the referee, Rupert, being underneath, was able to use his teeth on a soft spot, and that meant a sudden change of position. "Laugh that off," said Rupert, as he grabbed his adversary by that portion of his anatomy not mentioned in polite circles.



7 Although floored, Nutty managed to bring in his celebrated toe-hold, but couldn't hold on because of his pain below decks.



8 The referee is sympathetic, and gives him a very slow count while Rupert ruminates.



9 "I'll see he doesn't get up," says Rupert, as he finished off his anguished rival.



10 "And I'll finish off the referee, too."



11 There they are — Nutty and the referee, both out to the wide world ! No need for a count here.



12 And Rupert grimly looks on at his handiwork. That's what we call "All-in" in the Jungle.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Maybe — but there'll be no monkey-business on MY roof."

